The National Era is Published Weekly.

TERMS. Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.

All communications to the Era, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to

G. Balley, Waskington, D. C.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS,

Sixth Street, a few doors south of Penn. Avenue

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.]

GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

MY DEAR A—: In the few brief comments which I feel inclined to make to-day on
some of the great works of sculpture and
painting here at Rome, you will know that I
speak by no means "as one having authority,"
by virtue of any ripe critical knowledge of art.
I should be silent altogether on these subjects,
did I not observe that one's true, fresh, and
rivid impressions of such things are worthy of
some respect, and that a sincere and reverential love of beauty gives one an instinctive an.

tial love of beauty gives one an instinctive appreciation of the spirit of the higher forms of art, however deficient the judgment may be in matters of execution and detail. One may

most profoundly feel effects in art, with a very

limited understanding of causes.

It is rare to find an honest opinion honestly

expressed, by one not an artist or a connois

Among modern English authors writing from Rome, I remember Mrs. Kemble and Mr. Dickens, as most independent and individual in this respect. They boldly uttered their true thought, their whole thought, and were evidently not to be thundered down by the canons

criticism. I do not mean this as an exor-

diam to a criticism-contemning, critic-defying disertation; in the little I have to say on art, I may not utter any treasons—and I may.

Nous verrons.
Of all the antique statues I have yet seen

Of all the antique statues I have yet seen, I have been by far the most impressed by the Apollo Belvidere, and the Dying Gladiator—the one the glorious embodiment of the pride and fire, and power and joy of life, the other of the mournful majesty, the proud resignation, the "conquered agony" of death. In all his triumphant beauty, excellent vitality and rejoicing strength, the Apollo stands forth as

a pure type of immortality—every inch a god.
There is an Olympian spring in the foot which
seems to spurn the earth—a secure disdain of
death in the very curve of his nostrils—a sun-

born light on his brow; while the absolute

perfection of grace, the supernal majesty of the figure, now, as in the old time, seem to lift

it above the human and the perishing, into the region of the divine and the eternal. Searcely

such difficulty to realize as a mere human crea-

ferred, by the usual slow and laborious process, to marble. Nor can I even think of it as hav-

ing according to the old poetic fancy, pre-existed in the stone, till the divinely-directed chisel of the sculptor cut down to it. Ah! so,

chisel of the sculptor cut down to it. Ah! so, methinks, the very marble must have groaned, in prescience of the god it held. To me it rather seems a glowing, divine conception, struck instantly into stone. It surely embodies the very soul and glory of the ancient mythology, and, with kindred works, forms, if not a

for justification of, at least a noble apology for, a religion which revelled in ideas of beauty

and grace, which had ever something lofty and

pure, even in its refined sensuality-and for the

plendid arrogance of that genius which boldly chiselled out its own grand conceptions, and

my life. I would have it near me; and every morning as the darkness is lifted before the

an, and the miracle of creation is renewed, I

would wish to lift a cortain, and gaze on that transcendent image of life and light—to re-reive into my own being somewhat of the en-

ergy and joy of existence with which it so abounds—to catch some gleams of the glory of the fresh and golden morning of poetry and art yet raying from his brow. One could drink

art yet raying from his brow. One could drink in strength, as from a fountain, from gazing on that attitude of pride and grace, so light, yet firm, and renew one's wasted vigor by the mere sight of that exulting and effortless action. But who would live in daily contemplation of the immortal agony of the Laocoon, or the mighty death-pang which wrings the brow of the Gladiator? I must confees that the sight of the former gives me nothing but pain—admiration and wonder seem absolutely crush.

admiration and wonder seem absolutely crushed in the folds of those enormous serpents. The vain struggling of the old man, the fear and suffering of the youths, and the endless

and suffering of the youths, and the endless coding of the serpents, constitute a mass of borrors which not all the wonders of the sculp-

The Gladiator, grand in his perfect human-

ity, a prouder figure fallen and overcome, as he is than many an erect and victorious hero—

with the rich blood of his prime trickling slowly and sickeningly from his one deep wound, is a profoundly touching. I had almost said a heart-breaking sight. And yet you scarcely dure to grieve—he is too royal for pity. The marble, age-embrowned, seems shadowed by Death's awful wing. There seems a strange stillness about it, and you hush your own breath in involuntary reverence. Here is no struggle, no contortion—the soul seems making a truly kingly abdication—the "manly brow consents to death," and yet you can see by its deepened lines, by the sunken eyes, the relaxed lips, and by the swollen veins of the extended limbs, that the very citadel of life is stormed by mortal anguish. It is impossible to gaze on the Dying Gladiator without further saddening yourself by gifting him, as does Byron.

dening yourself by gifting him, as does Byron, with a heart whose sweet, sad memories blind him to the dizzying sight of the crowded amphitheatre, and whose last wild throbs of love

noble antiques—a very grand Amazon, a fine Ariadne, the Faun of Praxitiles, a most charm-

ariadne, the Faun of Praxitiles, a most charming figure, and the Antinous, considered a faultless ideal of youthful manhood. It is wondrously beautiful, but wanting in that something superhuman which, in the Apollo, almost compels a paganish adoration. The Venus of the Capitol is but a beautiful, soulless, voluntages.

Venus of the Capitol is but a beautiful, soul-less, voluptuous creature—an exquisite animal, sumorthy to lace the sandals of the pure, sim-ple, and august Venus of Milo, which, broken as it is, still stands forth grandly unapproach-able among all antique forms of lovely woman-hood. Near the Venus stands a most delicious group of Capid and Psyche, whose sentiment seems to me a wonderful union of passion and purity. The expression and attitude of each figure are full of intense lovingness, childlike sweetness, and innocent unconsciousness. The

region of the divine and the eternal. Scarcely can it be said that the worship of this god has ceased. The indestructible glory of the lost divinity lingers about him still; and the deep, almost solemn emotion, the sigh of unutterable admiration, with which the pigrims of art first behold him now, differ little, perhaps, from the hasbed adoration of his early worshippers. I have never seen any work of art which I had such difficulty to realize as a mere human great rious dreams of its past glories and splendors.

tion, born in an artist's struggling brain, where the princely villas of Hadrian, Mesec-

ROME, December 6, 1852.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1853.

For the National Era.

ful and glowing forms of Andrea del Sarti, Corregio, Guido, Domenichino—I gate upon them daily; they are becoming revered, almost beloved objects to me. And so I cannot speak of them en masse, or deliberately, but may refer to some of them separately and incident-ally, from time to time. I must say, en passant, that I am disappointed in the great picture of the *Transfiguration*. For my soul, I cannot see in it all that others have seen—all the

the Transguration. For my soul, I cannot see in it all that others have seen—all the wonders and sublimities that critics point out and so eloquently dwell upon. For myself, I cannot recognise it as the most perfect creation, the crowning achievement of Raphael's genius. Some of his minor and simpler compositions impress me infinitely more. Nor can I find all that poets have found in Guido's famous portrait of Beatrice Ceuci, in the Barberini Palace. The upper part of the face is truly heautiful—the brow is noble, and the eyes, in the full living look they cast on you, have a sweet, appealing sadness, and mournful hopelessness, which haunt you through days and weeks; but the mouth I think childish and characterless. I cannot imagine those lips, falling so listlessly apart, ever set with heroic energy and deadly determination. I cannot believe that this expression of weakness could have resulted altogether from the past torture or the coming death agony; and I hold to the opinion, that if Beatrice Ceuci was guilty of the terrible yet noble crime for which she suffered, and bore herself so grandly through all, as we have been told she did, then this is not a perfectly true portrait of the heroic girl.

one lovely afternoon, lately, I drove, with my

ghese, where, among many other fine works of art, I saw Canova's Venus Victoricuse. This is an exquisitely graceful and elegant statue, altogether my favorite among Canova's female

naparte sat, or rather reclined; and it was

referring to this, that she afterwards made the

famous reply to a somewhat more scrupulous lady, who wondered how she could bear the

exposure—"Oh! I assure you it was not un-comfortable; the room was well warmed"—

simply treating it as a question of Fahrenheit.
This villa is one of the loveliest places in the neighborhood of Rome. I shall never for-

get our coming out into the grounds at sunset, and the long draughts of pure delight which I drank in as I gazed around and above me.

Stately trees cast their soft shadows across my path; fallen leaves, golden, and bronze, and crimson, stirred into little eddies by the rising

wind, rippled about my feet-fountains mur-mured dreamily in the distance, and intermin-

gled lights and shades played over the pleasant

lawn. The sky was gorgeous with purple and gold, shading off into the softest lilac and the serenest blue. Wherever I looked, on earth,

or heaven, there was beauty—beauty indescri-bable, unimaginable, and I exclaimed—"Oh!

God must have brooded longer over this land than over any other on the broad face of the

We have spent one day at Tivoli, where we saw the yet beautiful temple of the Sibyl, the famous grotto, the falls, the ruins—had a long

rious dreams of its past glories and splendors

As you loved me yesterday Love bath got a frowning brow, And your fancies go astray

When you loved me yesterday, Mouning now they sigh away,

At our feet the sea did seem, (Stretching on unceasingly.)

On my vision dim and gray,

And the lone tree stands apart, For the hird hath taken wing-Chance and change are all the creed

Which the mind will hold at last True in word, but false in deed, Is the faith that bindeth fast

Dames will love, and men forget-Hope must ever waste its store

'Tis among the human woes

Eyes will dim with time and toars-Fretting out its lease of years

But I would not hedge thee in - Go as free as any wind! Word of mine shall never win Thee to cast a look behind.

Since thy fancy needeth twain See if other eyes will send Tears as thick as autumn rain

Go! and if I keep a thought. Tis the nature of the mind; Momory of the dearly bought Evermore will stay behind.

All the story told before, Myriad tonguos shall tell it yet.

All the pulses throb with pain. Through the weary, lonesome years Souls were made for woful stein.

gleamed white and beautiful among its woods and waterfalls; or in quiet, ever fresh enjoyment of the indestructible loveliness of Nature. Yesterday we attended high mass in the Sistine Chapel, the Pope officiating. The cardinals were present in strong force and grand array; and on this occasion I first witnessed the ceremony of kissing the cross on the Pope's robe, and on the toe of his Holiness's shoe. After service we drove to the Basilica of San Paole, a large and splendid church, now being

Paolo, a large and splendid church, now being erected on the site of one destroyed by fire. When finished, this will even rival St. Peter's When finished this will even rival St. Peter's in beauty and grandeur. I have never beheld anything in architecture more magnificent than the double rows of pillars down the immense nave. Yet my admiration was mingled with bitterness and grief. I felt that they weighed on the crushed souls of the people, on weighed on the crushed souls of the people, on liberty, and true Christianity. When I thought of this once noble race, oppressed, debased, beggared, and beheld this waste of wealth wrung from them by the soul-rack of superstition, all seemed to me but a gigantic mockery reared in the face of a just God, "who dwelleth not in temples made with hands!"

To-day we have ascended St. Peter's, to the very lantern. We found the ascent much less tedious and fatiguing than we expected, and that we had had but faint and narrow conceptions of the grandeur, height, and immensity that we had had but faint and narrow concep-tions of the grandeur, height, and immensity of this stupendous building. It was strange to wander about on the vast roof, among the cupolas and workshops, which seemed to con-stitute a small village of themselves; and after having accomplished the ascent, the down look from the top of the great dome was awfully grand. The head swam, as from the height of that pictured heaven the eye fell from circle to circle of those wondrous mosaics—scraphs, cherubs, prophets, apostles—to the illuminated altar below. Yet here also I was saddened—remembering how thousands on thousands of remembering how thousands on thousands of God's poor children had groped in the profoundest night of ignorance and error, from the cradle to the grave, that this vast pile of marble, and gilding, and gorgeous colors, might dazzie the world. I remembered with how much "spiritual wickedness in high places," with how much fraud and crime, the wealth here lavished had been wrested from the hands of the poor and the deluded, and methought over such sights as these would

part of the State, and to this fact in no small degree may be attributed the smallness of our vote at the recent election. Leaders impressed it upon the minds of their party adherents that there was only a coloring of difference between their respective parties and the Free Democracy. Mr. Stuart, the Congressman elect frem this district, professes to be with us fully in every measure proposed for governmental action; and, from a pretty intimate sequaintance with him, I have no doubt of his sincerity. It is but a few days since I presented to him a petition to Congress for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, which he most cheerfully signed. Indeed, could petitions for this object be presented to our citizens generally, not more than one in ten would refuse to give his signature. All that is needed to insure success to our cause is thorough organization and the general diffusion of correct information.

quiet, continuous flow of prosperous peace, or the full sparkling gush of pleasure; what counties religious and festal pageants, mar-riage and funeral processions, have passed un-der them! What stormy crowds have gathered lurked behind them! What stars of womanly loveliness have gleamed out the brighter from their momentary shade! What sweet childish laughters have rung through them! tumult and crime layed and avenged, lights of beauty and childish laughters quenched and hushed these many, many centuries. And the stately columns of Antoninus and Trajan, nearly as old as Christianity, yet still wreathed with rare squlptures, alive with the matchless forms of antique art—what triumphs and captivities.

The Whig party are dead, and we think Hunk-er Democracy will be as dead in four years more; and the next Presidential contest will

Ind., Dec. 29, 1852.—This township (Monroe) has doubled if not trebled its Free Soil strength during the last year. I believe about twenty-five copies of the Era are taken here now; on the world, if not gaily, surely not saily—in melancholy, perhaps, but never in despair—and so, I bid you adieu.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

LITERARY NOTICE.

ROMANCE OF STUDENT LIFE ABROAD. By Richard B. Rimball, author of "St. Leger: or, The Threads of Life." One vol., pp. 261. Published by G. P. Putoam & Co., New York.

This is indeed a delightful book, full of tender pathos and delightful humor. There is nothing to wound, and much to please. The first adventure is one of the sweetest tales we

gether to take one paper of the three respective political parties; they accordingly took the Albany Argus, the Evening Journal, and the Era. They read the three platforms, and the arguments of each paper, and, as one expressed it, "the Era beat the crowd." So now you have them as subscribers, and the Free Democracy as voters.

For the National Era. [COPYRIGHT SECURND BY THE AUTHOR.] MARK SUTHERLAND:

POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

CHAP. III. The Planter's Daughter. She has halls and she has vassals, and the resonant

she has baile and season steam eagles

Follow fast on the directing of her floating dovelike hand,

With a thunderous vapor trailing underneath the

With a thunderous vapor trailing underneath the starry vigils.

So to mark upon the blasted Heavens the measure of her lands.

Mrs. Browning.

The summer sun has just sunk below the horizon, leaving all the heavens suffused with a pale golden and rosente light, that falls softly on the semi-transparent waters of the Pearl, flowing serenely on between its banks of undulating hills and dales, and green and purple lights and glooms. No jarring sight or sound breaks the voluptuous stillness of the scene and hour. The golden light has faded from the windows and balconies of the villa, and sunk with the sunken sun. An evening breeze is rising from the distant pine woods, that will soon tempt the inmates forth to enjoy its exhilarating and salubrious freshness and fragrance. But as yet all is quiet about the mansion.

In the innermost sanctuary of that house reposes Miss Sutherland. It is the most elegant of a sumptuous suit of apartments, upon which

or expense—having summoned from New Or-leans a French artiste of distinguished genius in his profession, to superintend their interior architecture, furnishing, and adornment. The suit consists of a boudoir, two drawing-rooms, ask satin, lined with gold-colored silk, and festooned by gold cords and tassels. The interior of the recess is draped with thin gold-colored silk alone; and the evening light, glowing through it, throws a warm, rich, lastrous atmosphere around the form of Oriental beauty reposing on the silken couch in the recess. It is a rare type of beauty, not easy to realize by your imagination, blending the highest charms of the spiritual, the intellectual and the sentence of the spiritual spiritual that the sentence of the spiritual spiritual

sual, in seeming perfect harmony; it is a casefly type of beauty, possessed often only at a fearful discount of happiness; it is a dangerous organization, full of fatality to its possessor, and all Little York, Warren co. Ill., Dec. 9, 1852.—
I have conversed with quite a number of persons heretofore acting with the old parties, and they say they have voted with them for the last time. They also say our principles are right, and are bound to prevail; so we ought to take encouragement from the signs of the times.

Union Village, Vt., January 10, 1853.—Our State population is not far from 320,000, consequently we have about 63,000 legal voters within our borders. Gen. Scott received 22,000 votes; General Pierce, 13,000; John P. Hale, 8,600; and General Apathy more than 19,000.

The whole vote on the december of fatality to its possessor, and all connected with her; for that levely and voing thousand a distance of the scores and all connected with her; for that levely and voing thousand and they say they have outed with them for the distance of the scores and all owns are distance of the scores and all owns ar and servants. In truth, here was a gentle and graceful reign. It could not have been otherwise, over subjects so devoted as hers. All of them, from Mr. Sutherland her father down to Oriole

8.600; and General Apothy more than 19,000. The whole vote on the 2d of November was more than 12,000 less than it was eight years since. The electioneering in the last campaign was mostly done by the Compromise Democracy; the true Democracy had a very inefficient organization, until within about two weeks of the election. The 2d of November was a very cold, stormy day in Vermont; and this, with the fact that the State was certain for Soct, operated to keep thousands at home. We now have a good organization; our State papers are increasing their subscription lists, and a new paper of the right stamp is to be issued in a few days at Springfield. The great mass of our people are anti-slavery at heart. But you are aware. Mr. Editor, that we are a wool-growing people, and I am sorry to say that wool has obscured the vision of too many of our sturdy yoomne; but, since the recent election, it seems to be pretty generally believed that the question of a protective tariff, for the sake of protection, is a matter of past history. There are many among us who are ready for free trade and direct taxation. I am sure that the letter you recently published, from Hon. S. C. Phillips, meets the hearty approbation of the Free Democracy of this State. With the noble Senator from Ohio, we are ready to say, "We are Democracy of this State. With the noble Senator from Ohio, we are ready to say, "We are Democracy of this State. With the noble Senator from Ohio, we are ready to say, "We are Democracy of this State. With the noble Senator from Ohio, we are ready to say, "We are Democracy of this State. With the noble Senator from Ohio, we are ready to say, "We are Democracy of this State. With the noble Senator from Ohio, we are ready to say, "We are Democracy of this State. With the noble Senator from Ohio, we are ready to say the sample of the state, and to the fact in no small degree may be attributed the smallness of our vet at the recent election. Leaders impressed it upon the minds of their party adherents that there was only a c

drapery of the window pours a warm, subdued effulgence over the whole picture. On a cushion below her couch sits a little quadroon giri, of below her couch sits a little quadroon giri, of perfect beauty, fanning her mistress with a fan of ostrich plumes; and while she sways the graceful feathers to and fro, her dark eyes full of affection and innocent admiration, are fixed upon the beautiful epicurienne. When the rising of the evening breeze began to swell the gold-hued curtains, Oriole dropped her fan, but continued to sit and watch lovingly the features of her lady. When the purple shades of evening began to fall around, Oriole arose softly, and drew back the curtains on their golden wires, to let in more light and air, revealing "Physic and sparrits, ma'am."

the terrace of roses, the lawn and its groves and reservoirs, and the lovely rose and amber-clouded Pearl, rolling on between its banks of undulating light and shade; and giving to view, besides, the figure of a lady standing upon the terrace of roses, and who immediately advanced smiling, and threw in a shower of

a it you are idling over? The breeze is up, and playing a prejude through the pine tops and cane-brakes, and the birds are about to break forth in their evening song. Will you

dark and brilliant complexion, and sprightly countenance, which owed its fascination to dazzling little teeth, and ripe lips bowed with archness, great sparkling black eyes full of mischief, and jetty ringlets in whose very introceies seemed to lurk a thousand innocent conspiracies. She was dressed in mourning, if that dress could be called mourning which consisted of a fine light black tissue over black silk, and a number of jet bracelets set in gold, that adorned the whitest, prettiest arms in the world, and a jet necklace that set off the whiteness of the prettiest throat and bosom. She is Mrs. Vivian, of New Orleans—Annette Valeria Vivian—spirituelle Valerie—piquant Nan!—the widow of a wealthy merchant, adiatant relative of Mrs. Sutherland by her mother's side, and is now with her step daughter on a visit of some weeks here at "Cashmers"

"Ciel! then do you hear me? What volume of birds or flowers do you prefer to the real living birds and flowers out here? What book (pardieu!) of poetry do you like better

sent, dlubbed to book (pardieu!) of poetry do you like better with zeal and gallantry

Pope's Essay on Man, by all that is grave, serious, and awful! Why, I thought at the very gravest that it was some Flora's Annual, or Gems of the Aviary, or some other of the em-bossed and gilded trifles that litter your rooms. But Pope's Essay on Man, and other Poems! Why, I should as soon have expected to find you studying a work on tanning and curry-

I am sure that I shall never be able to de suit consists of a boudoir, two drawing-rooms, a hall or picture gallery, a music room, a double parlor, a library, and dining and breakfast rooms; and by the machinery of grooved doors, all these splendid apartments may be thrown into one magnificent saloon. But the most finished and perfect of the suit is the luxurions boudoir of India. It is a very bower of beauty and love, a chef dance of artistic genius, a casket worthy to enshrine the Pearl justice to the gentleman that was now seen advancing from the lawn-Mr. William I. Bolling. of beauty and love, a chef desire of artistic genius, a casket worthy to enshrine the Pearl of Pearl river. There she reposes in the recess of the bay window, "silk curtained from the sun." This bay window is the only one in the apartment; it is both deep and lofty, and is a small room in itself; it is curtained off from the main apartment by drapery of purple damask satin, lined with gold-colored silk, and festooned by gold cords and tassels. The interior good saturated face full of cheef form his round, root, and the state of the saturation of about fifty years of age, and clothed in an immaculate suit of white linen, with a fresh broad-brimmed straw hat, which as he walked he carried in one hand, while in the walk

questions under the sun, and as Mr. Bolling would look impartially upon positive and negative at once, so Billy

your opinion upon these lines of Pope;" and she read them to him, and put the book in his fanned himself—but these cooling operations seemed to heat him all the more, for his face grew very red and his flaxen hair crisped tight-ly as he gazed upon the page, and said: "Eh, es that's all right—certainly!"
"We believe it right, but what

Mean? Why, this is what it means

Please to explain yourself, Mr. Bolling.

guid amusement.

Uncle Billy wiped his forehead, and said, "Why, I don't think ladies understand these

Oriole placed herself by her mistrees, with the plume fan. Fly stood a short distance off, with his basket of oranges.

The tall rose trees, blown by the breeze, shed

coolness and fragrance over the party. The ponds, and parterres, stretched out before them; and below it flowed on, between its banks of purple shadow, the limpid Pearl, with the evening light fast fading from its white

his fault, poor little fellow. It was I who ask-ed Mr. Sutherland to take him from the field and place him in the garden, because it is shadier there, and the work is lighter. Everybody cannot be strong and handsome—can they, Fly?" And the gentle speaker turned and laid her hand kindly upon the boy's head, and smiled encouragingly in his face. The child looked up in grateful affection; and the eyes of all the party were raised to welcome the orphan step-daughter of Mrs. Vivian. She was a fair, pale girl, of a gentle, thoughtful.

ing perfectly harmonized.
"Come and sit by me, Rosalie, love," said he widow, making room for the maiden, half mbracing her with one arm.

The kind girl put an orange in the boy's

ensive cast of countenance and style of beau-

hand, and, smiling, motioned him away; and Fly, no longer mortified, but solaced and cheerful ran off "Now proceed. Mr. Bolling. Rosalie, dove, Mr. Bolling is explaining to us the two great

Mr. Bolling is explaining to us the two great motive powers of the Universe—the centripetal, which he says means the law of the Lord, and the centrifugal, which he says means the temptation of the demon. And we, my love are the planetary bodies, kept from extremes of good and evil by the opposite action of these two forces. Is not this it, Mr. Bolling?"

"No, madam; no! no! Lord! Lord!
This it is to come a theories expecially

This it is to expose one's theories, especially Mrs. Vivian there, who would wrest the plain est text of Scripture to her own perdition. No, ma'am; I was about to say that the overruling will of Providence and the free agency of man were the two great motive powers of the moral universe-the human free will, being the great inward and impulsive force, is the centrifugal or flying-off power, and the Government of God the centripetal or constraining power; that in the moral world these two great forces modify each other's action, just as their prototypes do in the material world—keeping all in health-ful action. Do you understand me?"

"Do you understand yourself, Mr. Bolling?"
"Ah, I see you don't—women seldom do!"
said Uncle Billy, wiping his forehead. "Thus,
then, were man without free will—without the power of working out his own salvation, or the privilege of sending himself to perdition, if he desired it—he would no longer be a moral agent, and, were he never so sinless, he would be at the best only a sinless puppet, an automaton, and God's creation would be a dumb show. And, on the other hand, were human free will left without restraint of the Lord's overruling government, why, man would rush niac, and convert God's universe into chaos again. But, both there evil extremes being woided, the Scylla of inert, passive obedience left upon the right, and the Charybdis of unbridled license on the left, and all goes on well and harmoniously. And now I hope you un-derstand how it is that in 'binding nature fast fate,' God still left free the human will."

No, I do not; it seems to me that we are fore agents, or we are not free agents-one or

generally lies hetween extremes. I have known amount than it did, had Mr. Boiling been dis-posed to repose on his laurels. He was not.

"Now, are you satisfied, madam?" he in-quired of Mrs. Vivian.

The little lady shook her jetty ringlets, and slowly picked her marabout fan to pieces.

"I think mamma wishes to know why these

things need be so," said Rosalie.
"My sweet Miss Vivian, little maidens should be seen, and not heard; because, you know, a child can ask more questions in one minute than a phile ober could answer in a thousand years."

"Don't tempt Mr. Bolling beyond his depth,

Rosalie," smiled the widow; and not suiting the action to the word, she handed Uncle Billy

an orange she had just peeled.

The little gentleman received the attention with a deprecating, humble bow, and, to prevent inconvenient questioning, turned to Miss Sutherland, and inquired when she had heard from her Cousin Mark, winking with what he supposed to be a killing lear.

from her Cousin Mark, winking with what he supposed to be a killing leer.

The beauty slightly raised her lip and arched her trows, but deigned no other answer.

"Oh, she has not heard from Mr. Sutherland for three whole days, and his last letter was but twelve pages long. I am afraid he is fickle, like the rest. I should not wonder if he were now the humble servant of some Northern blue—; it is written, 'put not your trust in'—pantaloons. Men are so uncertain," said Valeria.

ertain in what respect?" "All men are uncertain, in all things!"
"Humph, that is a totally unfounded calum

single exception—save myself!"
"You! Oh, dear! oh! Ha! ha! ha! You! "Yes, me! In what did you ever find me

Why, in all things—mental, moral, and physical! In religion, politics, and morality! In friendship, love, and truth! In war, courtship, and money! In one, word, you are a thorough, essential, organic uncertainty. Other people are uncertain—you are an uncertainty. I think, in the day of general doom, you will find

Uncle Billy turned away from this unmerci-ful philippic, and again asked Miss Sutherland if she had lately heard from her cousin. "I have not heard from him for two weeks." replied the young lady, in a low voice, and

"Nan, what would you give me for a let-ter?" inquired Mr. Bolling, rolling his little blue eyes merrily, as he drew one from his pocket and laid it before her. "Oh, Mr. Bolling! have you had this

all this time, and detained it from me?" said the beauty, reproachfully, as she took it, and, excusing herself, withdrew into the house to peruse it.

peruse it.

"Come, Rosalie, this night air is deadly to you, my child."

"Oh, mamma, see, the full moon is just rising over those purple hills. I only want to see it reflected in the river, and then I will

"Are you moon-struck, then, Rosalie? Come in; you can safely view the scene from the house. Besides, coffee is about to be served."

And the lady gave her hand to her step-daughter and assisted her to arise, and then tenderly drawing the girl's arm within her own, turned to lead her into the house. And Mr. Bolling lifted himself up, and picking up his straw hat said—

"And I must go down to the cotton mills, "And I must go down to the cotton mills, and make Clement Sutherland come home to his supper. Heigh-ho! it's an incontrovertible fact, that if I did not walk after that man and take care of him, he'd kill himself in the pursuit of gain in one month. Everything is forgotten—mental culture and bodily comfort. I have to bully him to his breakfast, and dragoon him to his did. take care of him, he'd kill himself in the pursuit of gain in one month. Everything is forgotten—mental culture and bodily comfort. I have to builty him to his breakfast, and dragoon him to his dinner, and scare him to his supper. If things go on in this way, I shall have to cut up his food and place it to his lips. He is growing to be a monomaniac on this subject of money-getting. He is as thin as a whipping post, and about as enlivening to look upon. He looks like a weasel in the winter time—all skin and hair, and cunning and care! He looks as if he felt poor in the midst of all his posses-

Little Fly looked first surprised and grieved, am I, without a sous, cent, markee, happy as a and then penitent on the score of his sickness and deformity, and set down his basket and turned to go.

"Please don't scold him, Mr. Bolling; it's not to Scripture, and without a care in life, except to keep Clement from sharing the fate of Midas, and starving in the midst of gold. And by the by, that is another heathen myth, with an eternal, awful truth wrapped up in it. Heigh-ho! Well, here's to bring him home to his supper. And a hot time I shall have of it, between him and the infernal machinery! shall not get the thunder of the milis out of my ears, or the shower of cotton-lint out of my eyes nose and throat, the whole night! Oriole, is that you? Do you go and tell the house-keeper, child, to have something comforting keeper, child, to have something comforting prepared for your poor master. He's had nothing since breakfast—I couldn't find him at dinner time. He was gone, devil knows where! to inspect, devil knows what! He is the only Southerner I ever did know to give himself up so entirely to the worship of Mammon, and the only one, I hope, I ever shall know!"

And having assed his pried by this fit of

And, having eased his mind by this fit of grumbling. Uncle Billy waddled off on his beevolent errand to the mills. TO BE CONTINUED !

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

## HIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS - SECOND SESSION.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17. Mr. Shields presented several petitions praying the removal of the present jail in this city, he re-construction of the chain bridge, &c.
Mr. Hale obtained leave to withdraw the esolution making inquiry into the conduct of commodore Morgan while in command of the

Mediterranean squadron.

Mr. Miller submitted a resolution, which was laid over, directing an inquiry into the pro-priety of recognising the independence of Li-

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of Executive business, on Mr. Badger's nomination, by the following vote: YEAS—Messrs. Bell, Brooke, Clarke, Cooper.

YEAS—Messrs. Bell, Brooke, Clarke, Cooper, Davis, Dixon, Fish, Foot, Geyer, Hale, Jones of Tennessee, Mangum, Miller, Morton, Pearce, Rusk, Sebastian, Seward, Smith. Spruance, Sumner, Underwood, Wade, and Walker—24.

NAYS—Messrs. Adams, Borland, Bright, Brodhead, Butler, Cars. Catheart, De Saussure, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Jowa, Downs, Felch, Gwin, Hamlin, Housten, Hunter, James, Jones of Jowa, Mallory, Norris, and Soulé. Jones of lowa, Mallory, Norris, and Soulé—21.

After some time the doors were re-opened, and the bill providing for the establishment of a national road to the Pacific, from the Mississippi, was taken up.

Mr. Brooke submitted a substitute for the

bill, providing for a contract with the company recently incorporated in New York, for the construction of this read.

A debate ensued, Mr. Brooke sustaining the amendment, and Mr. Gwin opposing it.

After further debate, it was postponed.

The Homestead bill was fixed for Wednesday week. The Senate adjourned.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18.

Mr. Bright presented the credentials of the Hon. John Pettit, Senator chosen by the Legis-Warm both I assure you both. Truth lature of Indiana for the unexpired term of the Hon. James Whitcomb, deceased. ecutive in having executed by Clark Mills a

colossal equestrian statue of Washington.

Mr. S. said the bill had passed the House manimously, and be hoped it would pass the Senate in the same manner. The bill was

tion, which was agreed to:

Resolved, That the President be requested, if not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate to the Senate all the information on file in the State Department relative to the claims of American citizens against Hayti not embraced in the reports on that subject here-tofore made by the Secretary of State at the third session of the 27th Congress; and also all the correspondence of the special agent who was sent out in 1849 to examine and report upon the condition of the Island of St. Domingo, in reference either to the said claims upon Hayti or to the various applications made by the Dominican Republic to the Government

island.

The Senate resumed the consideration of Mr. Case's joint resolution, reaffirming the Monroe doctrine, and applying it to Cuba.

Mr. Cass said that two Presidents—Mr Monroe in 1824, and Mr. Polk in 1845—had

Monroe in 1824, and Mr. Polk in 1845—had announced the doctrine contained in the resolution, and had given good reasons why it should be adopted. He would not now repeat those reasons; they were familiar to all.

He referred to the correspondence and conversations between Mr. Rush and Mr. Canning on this subject in which the latter said that Great Britain could not view with indifference any of the American States taken possession of by European Powers. Great Britain was right in thus viewing the matter, though at the time engaged in a convention that was to place this whole matter in the hands of European nations. When Mr. Monroe, Mr. Polk, and Mr. Canning, avowed themselves believers in this doctrine, he and others could well afford to abide the sneers and scoffs everlastingly thrown upon them. If the course recommended by Mr. Canning thirty years ago was just then, the reasons for it had become stronger now.

were making on our forbearance, and being yielded to in some cases, events would be forced upon the United States which it were better to upon the United States which it were better to anticipate. He referred to some remarks by Mr. Guizot some years since, in which doctrine was laid down utterly inconsistent with our honor and safety. Public sentiment on this subject, as on most questions, he said, had long been in advance of Congress. Some years ago the Senate refused to consider resolutions on

the Senate refused to consider resolutions on this subject.

He referred to various circumstances, rendering this declaration more necessary and justifiable than when first made by Mr. Mooree. He alluded to the recent attempt to acquire Sonora by the French agents, which act, if it had been successful, would have been avowed by the French Government, and Sonora claimed as a province of France. He quoted from various French publications, showing that the policy of France and all Europo is to check the progress of the United States. He had no doubt but that that policy would go on.

He thought any declaration of the desire of the United States to purchase Cuba as out of place in these resolutions. He was willing to purchase Cuba, but would prefer that the people of Cuba would by some arrangement with Spain, or by revolution, become independent, and then propose a union with the United States.

States.

States.

He commented at length upon the importance of Cubs as a military position, and one which in the possession of England would be most destructive to the United States. Spain

most destructive to the United States. Spain was not in a condition to do us harm, and he preferred she should retain it.

He quoted from debates in the British Commons, and declarations by Lord George Bentinck, concerning the lien by Great Britain on Guba; and the policy of England was to distrain Cuba, and cut the commerce of America

antique art—what triumphs and captivities, splendors and desolations, have ye beheld! Oh! wondrous domb witnesses of a mighty

sonlight which fall about me here, I look out

on the world, if not gaily, surely not sadly-in

methought over such sights as these would

Jesus weep tears more bitter than those he shed over Jerusalem.

We have visited the Coliseum by moonlight, and bathed our very souls in the wild, dreamy, desolate beauty of the scene. The Forum Ro-

manum and the Forum of Trajan are scarcely less impressive at night, but I always feel and realize most in gazing on the ancient arches of Titus, of Septimius Severus, Constantine, Dru-sus, and Janus. What floods of glorious life

poured through these in the proud old warlike days—in the slow sweep of victorious armies, or the wild surge of battle and flight, or the

I have seen many wonderful paintings of the great masters since I came to Rome; and from this world of pictorial beauty and power, I know not how to select the few objects on which I may presume to comment. The fairest and grandest of Raphael's exquisite creations, the sublime monuments of the stern and

CHANGED. BY WILLIAM ALBERT SUTLIFFE. Ah, you do not love me now,

With a plaining most unmeet When you spake me fair and free

Sleeping in a placid dream And a tree that stood apart Thrilled with music o'er and o'er, From a bird whose happy heart

Streamed with rapture evermore.

And the blue sea cannot win One sweet dream the livelong day Now the winds are sick at heart, So they may not blithely sing,

Brightest eyes are soonest wet. Love will dote and hearts will break-Eyes must longest keep awake, Longing most for deep repose

Hearts are made of brittle stuff-Shortest life has grief enough,

See if other hearts will rend,

But to-day is as the yore

Hearts to ache, and eyes for tears.

8.600; and General Apothy more than 19,000. The whole vote on the 2d of November was more than 12,000 less than it was eight years

Bridgert, Vt., Jan. 3, 1853.—The remarks of S. C. Phillips, in the last number of the Era, speak my mind exactly. Let us follow genuine, true Democratic principles—Jeffersonian Democracy, if you please—and we shall be Free Democrats indeed—agreeing with the dominant party in many measures, but opposing them when they adopt the miserably riokety conservatism of the day.

" Pope! by all that is solemnly in earnest

"Oh, hush, you tease! And tell me what these lines mean. I have been studying them for the last half hour, and can't make them

"You studying! Ha! ha! ha! You doing anything! By the way, I have been trying to discover what office I hold near the person of our queen. I have just this instant found out

of a sumptuous suit of apartments, upon which by Uncle Billy Bothsides! Ah, by the way Mr. Sutherland had spared no amount of care here he comes. Talk of the evil one and—von here he comes. Talk of the evil one, and—you know the rest. Ah, I shall be amused to hear his opinion of the sentiment in question. It is just in his way."

"Won himself an everlasting name "Good evening, ladies! It is a perfectly de-lightful evening—though, to be sure, it is in-sufferably warm."

Mrs. Vivian immediately challenged him with, "Mr. Bolling we are anxious to know

· Binding nature fast in fate.

"Why, I don't think ladies understand these grave theological matters."

"No, but you can enlighten us, Mr. Bolling."

"You see these lines comprise the profoundest problems of philosophy—so profound as to have perplexed the understandings of the greatest scholars and philosophers that have ever lived; so profound, in fact, as to be quite unintelligible even to me—yet so simple as to be easily comprehended by the narrowest intellect—so simple as to be clear even to you, or to

This was said of a small boy who at that in

now?"

"Physic and sparrits, ma'am."

"That is right. Pray go on, Mr. Bolling."

"Yes; permit me to seat myself."

Uncle Billy let himself cautiously down upon the green turf. Valeria gave her hand to India, who stepped out upon the terrace and seated herself. Mrs. Vivian sank down near her.